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WHAT DADDIES DO

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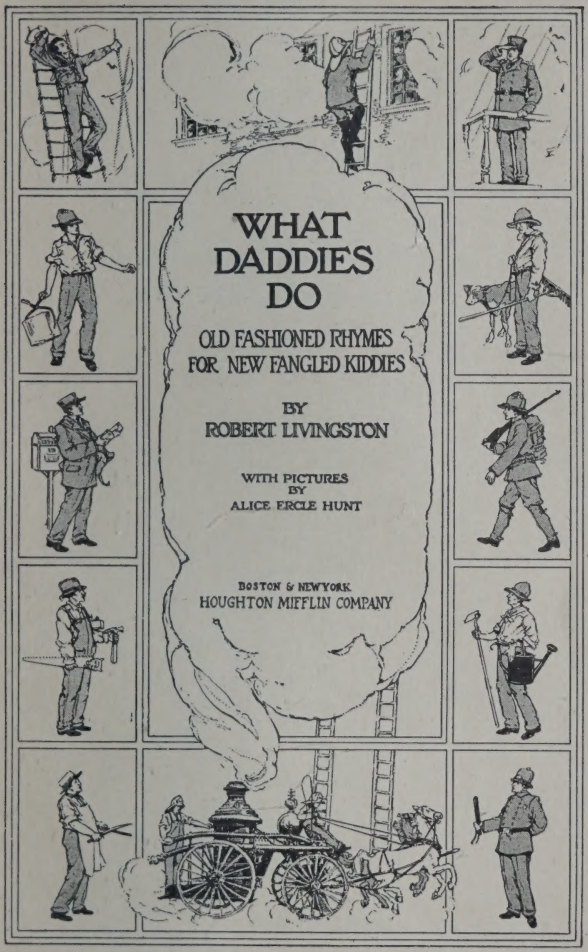

WHAT DADDIES DO

OLD FASHIONED RHYMES FOR NEW FANGLED KIDDIES

BY
ROBERT LIVINGSTON

WITH PICTURES
BY
ALICE ERCLE HUNT

BOSTON & NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

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To Daddies, who away all day
Are working, so that we may play

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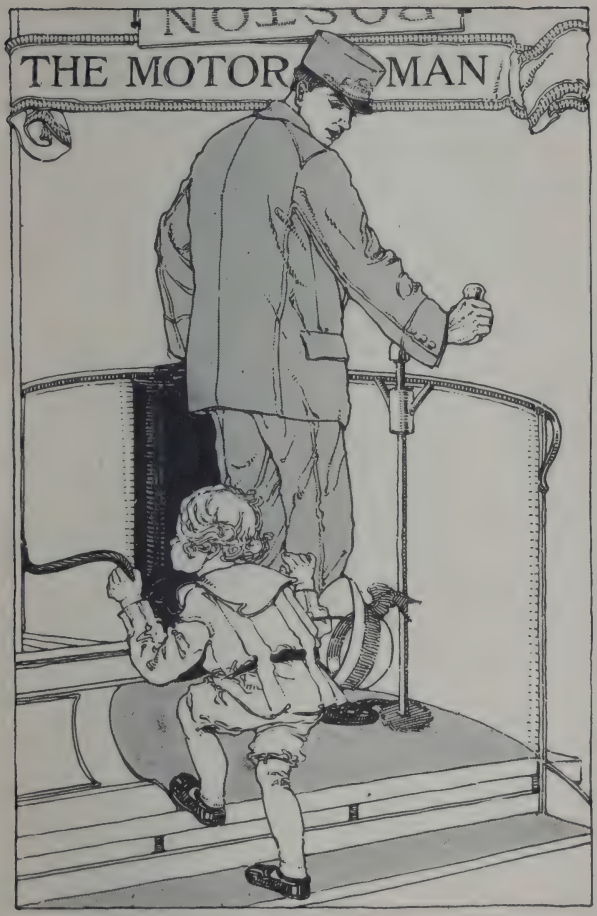
THE MOTORMAN

I'd like to be a Motorman
When I am big and strong;
To sound the gong and turn the brake
So nothing can go wrong.
And run the car along the streets,
And stop it, now and then,
To let the people on and off
And start it once again.


THE MOTOR MAN

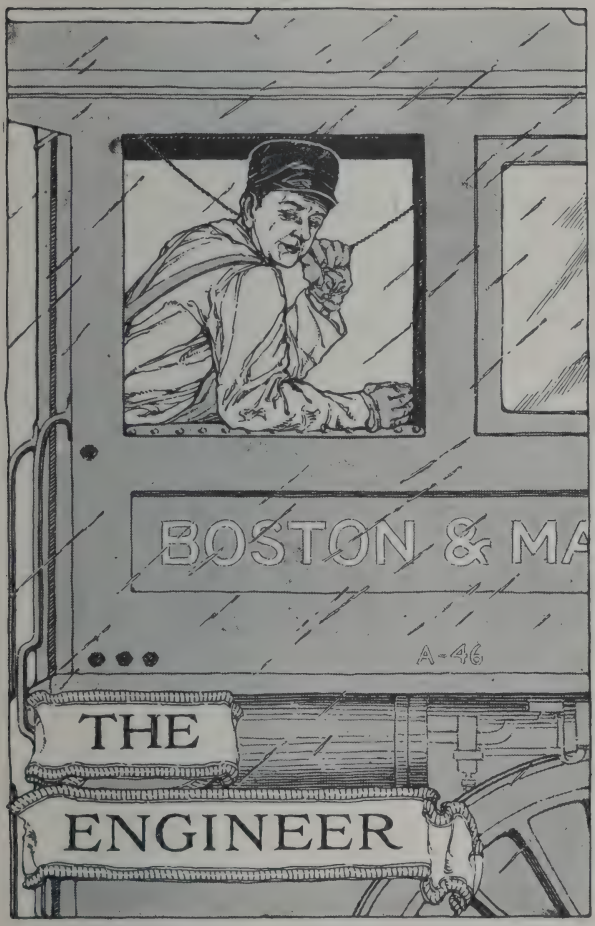
THE CONDUCTOR

THE Conductor man shouts, "All aboard,"
And waves his arm to start the train.
The engine puffs and groans and snorts
As if its efforts were in vain.
But now it moves, first slow, then fast,
The Conductor, punch in hand,
Says, "Tickets, please!" to every one,
And my! he looks so grand.

THE
CONDUCTOR

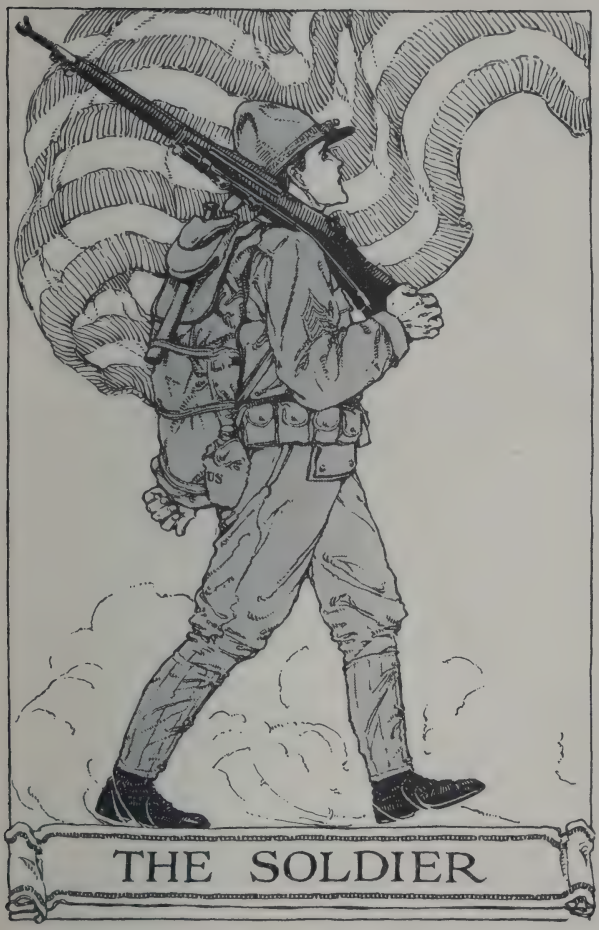
THE ENGINEER

I WISH I were the Engineer
To run a great big train,
And stop at all the stations, —
I would not mind the rain.
I'd look ahead and ring the bell,
And blow the whistle, too.
And in the morning, Daddy, dear,
I'd always wait for you.


BOSTON & MA
A-46
THE
ENGINEER

THE SOLDIER

LEFT, right, left, right,
Tramping, marching,
Day and night;
Gun and knapsack,
Coat and kit,
Cannons roaring,
Some one hit.
Brave is every Soldier's life,
But sorrow comes
With war and strife.
So, boys, be careful. Do not fight;
To parents it's a dreadful sight.


US
THE SOLDIER

THE SAILOR

The Sailor shouts, "Hey, Ship ahoy!"
His life on land or sea is joy;
He climbs the rigging, mans the yard,
And sings when he is working hard;
He tends the wheel, he trims the sail,
And once he killed a great big whale.

THE
SAILOR

THE CAPTAIN

The Captain stands up on the bridge
And tells you what to do;
By ringing bells and sounding gongs
The engineers all knew
He wanted them to go ahead;
The signal read, "Full speed."
The steamer pitched with every wave;
It was a sight, indeed.

THE
CAPTAIN

THE CARPENTER

A Carpenter, my Daddy says,
Is clever with his hands and brain,
And that is why before he saws
He measures time and time again.

He comes quite often to our house
To fix the roof, or mend the floor,
Or put the double windows on,
Repair the fence, or hang a door.

And sometimes when he's had his lunch,
He whittles little boats for me,
With mast and rudder, bow and keel,
Which I can sail upon the sea.

I asked him if he ever built
A great big house all by himself,
From cellar to the chimney top,
Each window, door, and pantry shelf.

"Why, bless your heart, my little man!
I built this house that stands right here;
Your Daddy was a youngster then,
And since, I've worked here every year."

THE CARPENTER

THE PLUMBER

The Plumber makes our house quite
warm
By putting in steam heat.
He also makes the water run
Which keeps us clean and neat.

THE PLUMBER

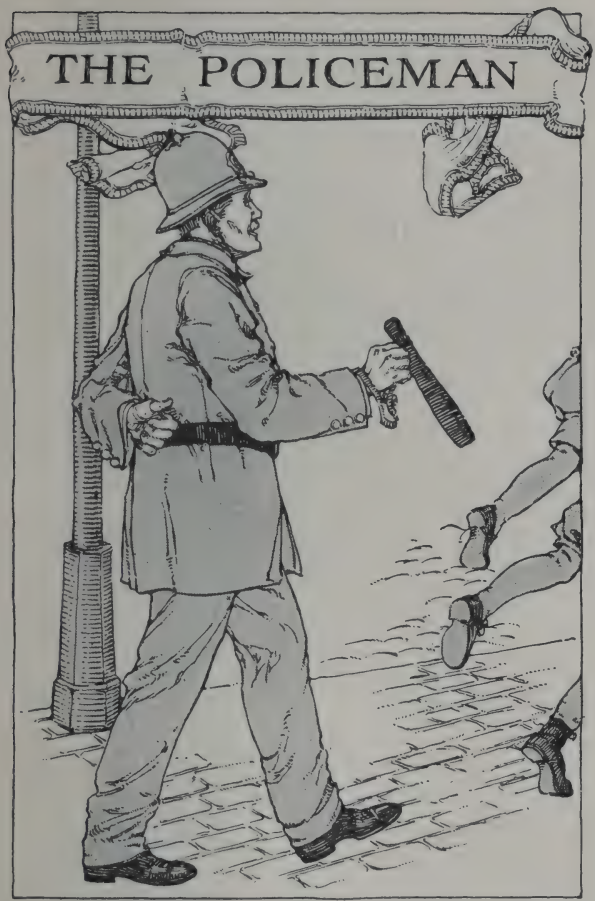
THE PAINTER

THIS is the Painter Man —
The paint is in the can;
He dipped the brush in
And spread it so thin
That never a drop of it ran.

THE PAINTER

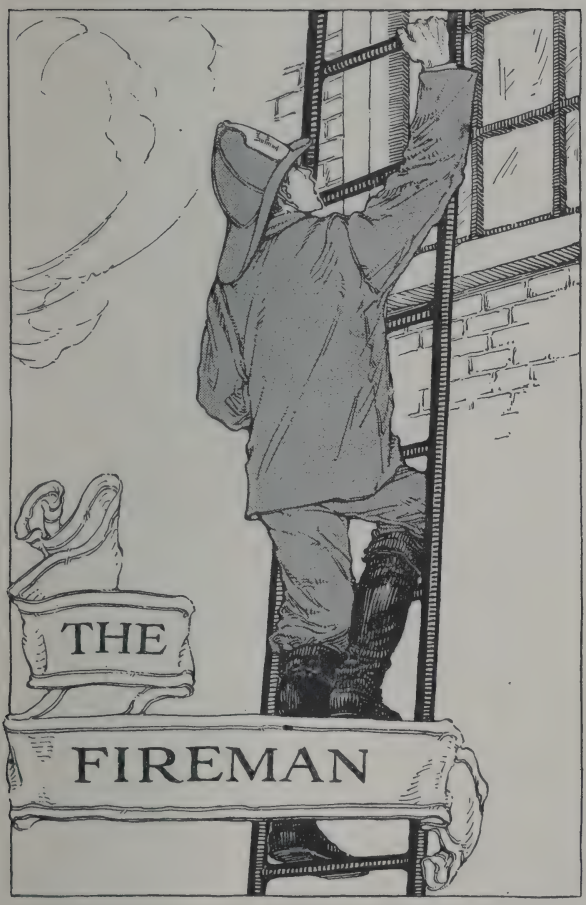
THE POLICEMAN

The Policeman frightens little boys
When they are making too much noise,
And running, shouting in the street
As he comes walking on his beat.


THE POLICEMAN

THE FIREMAN

My! but it's fun to go to a fire;
You run and you run, but you never tire.
You see the engine go dashing by,
Pouring the smoke into the sky;
The racing horses urged still more
By the driver shouting above the roar;
The hose-cart, too, all painted red,
With the chief in his motor, far ahead,
And the hook and ladder, — my, what a sight!
With its horses tugging with all their might.
The Fireman climbs up the ladder tall,
Losing his life, if he should fall,
He rescues the people and fights the flame;
If the house burns up, he is to blame;
How brave and fearless he must be!
A fireman, Daddy, appeals to me.


THE
FIREMAN

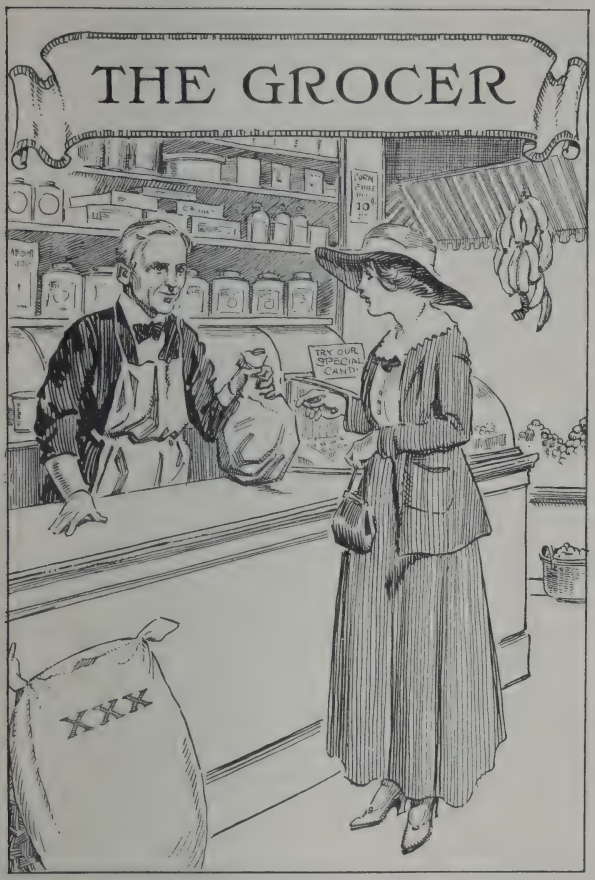
THE EXPRESSMAN

I KNOW an Expressman, whose name is
John Cox;
He brings to our door either bundle or box.
And when our mamma has been shopping
in town,
Mr. Cox is the man who brings home her
new gown.

THE EXPRESSMAN

THE GROCER

The Grocer has a fine big store
With everything to eat,
From eggs and sugar, prunes and jam,
To rice and cream of wheat.


THE GROCER
TRY OUR SPECIAL CANDY
XXX

THE ICE MAN

How big and strong the Ice Man seems,
When lifting ice from off his teams.
He brings a piece 'most every day,
But first he sees what it will weigh.

THE ICEMAN

THE BUTCHER

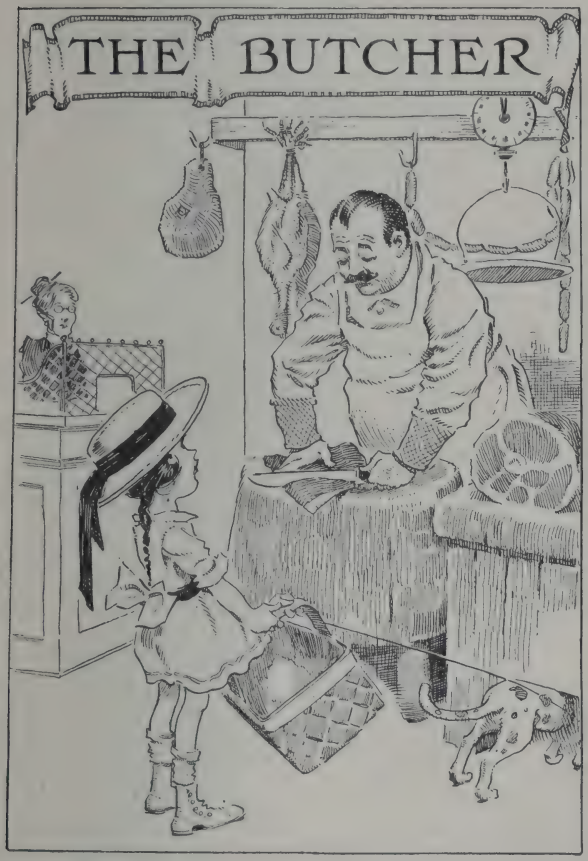
With apron spick and spandy
And a coat as white as snow
Stands our butcher in his butcher-shop.
Before him in a row

You can see the beef for Sunday
And the fowl for Tuesday noon;
Now he's cutting off the mutton-chops
To send us very soon.

There, hanging in the corner,
Is a deer that some one shot,
While on the scales is chopped-up meat
To go in our big pot.

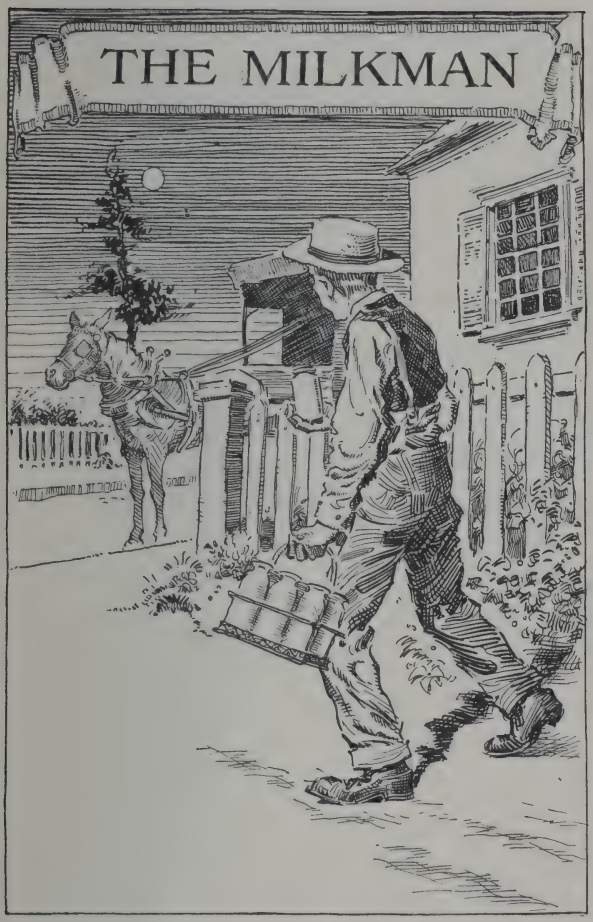
There are chickens, there are turkeys,
There are geese and ducklings too,
There is bacon, pork, and liver,
And a rabbit for a stew.

The butcher carves his meat
And weighs it with great care;
Before my nurse and I reach home
His Ford will bring it there.


THE BUTCHER

THE MILK MAN

The Milk Man milks the cow,
You see he knows just how.
He bottles the cream
Then gets up on his team,
And it's here in a pitcher now!


THE MILKMAN

THE POSTMAN

THE postman comes three times a day.
I know his ring so well.
Sometimes I scamper down the stairs,
For when I hear the bell,
I know he's brought a magazine,
Or letters for Mamma,
Or circulars for Uncle Jack,
Or bills for my Papa.

He never has a thing for me;
I cannot read or write, you see.

THE POSTMAN

THE BARBER

The pole outside the Barber's door
(I cannot tell you what it's for)
Is painted black and red and white,
So you can see it, day and night.
The Barber wears a clean white coat,
Just like the Steward on a boat.
He puts you in a great big chair
And then begins to cut your hair.
He talks so kindly while you sit,
That I don't mind it, not one bit;
And when he's brushed my hair so neat
I quickly slip down from the seat.

THE BARBER

THE GARDENER

To plant the seed and watch it grow,
To rake the rich brown earth, to hoe,
To pick the weeds and kill the bugs,
To watch the crawling worms and slugs,
To water each and every plant
And guard it safe, — hard toil, I grant;
But when the flowers bloom and nod,
'T is not the work of man, but God.

THE GARDENER

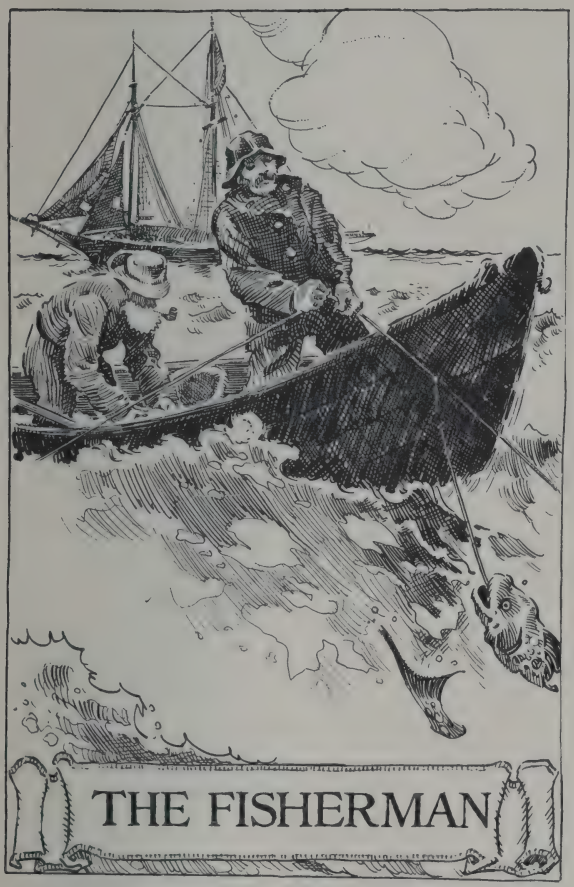
THE FARMER

THE Farmer rises with the sun,
And eats a hasty meal.
He milks the cow, and feeds the horse,
And hears the piggies squeal.
He mows the grass and makes it hay,
Then loads it on his cart,
And when he's stored it in his barn,
He makes another start,
And ploughs the ground to plant the corn,
Potatoes, peas, and beets.
He grows for us so many things
That everybody eats.
And when at night the sun goes down
With hens and chickens fed,
He eats his supper, reads the news,
And early goes to bed.

THE FARMER

THE FISHERMAN

The Fisherman lives by the sea;
In summer that's the place for me;
I like to watch the boats come in,
The silvery fish with shining fin,
Caught by net, by hook and line, —
Sea-fishing as a sport is fine.


THE FISHERMAN

THE DOCTOR

The Doctor comes when I am sick,
My mother wants him very quick;
He has a great big motor car,
And always asks just how you are.
Sometimes it hurts to have him feel
Of tender ears or blistered heel;
He makes you swallow nasty things,
From bottles which the Druggist brings.
But later, when you are quite well,
What funny stories he can tell.

THE DOCTOR

THE ARTIST

I HAVE a little paint-box
With colors red and blue;
I have a little sketch-book,
And I have brushes too.

So when the day is lovely
With everything in bloom,
The sort of day that Daddy says
Has banished Demon Gloom,

We take our paints and brushes
And roam the hills and dales,
We paint and sketch and eat and talk
Until the daylight fails.

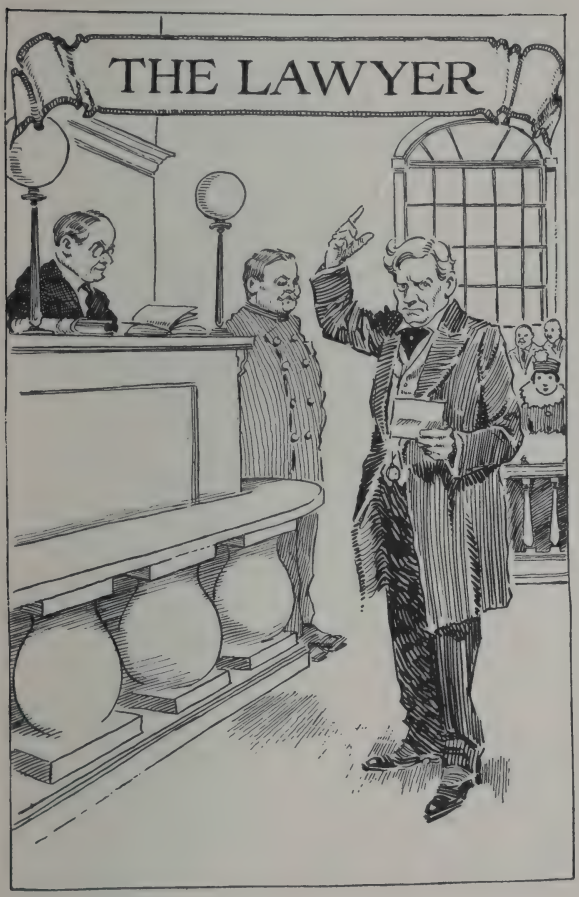
Returning to dear Mother,
We show what we have done.
All three of us together
Have lots and lots of fun.

So when I grow to manhood,
An artist I shall be,
To create lovely paintings
For the public all to see.

THE ARTIST

THE LAWYER

"Daddy, what do you do all day,
  Up in your office far away?"
"I argue cases before the judge,
  I stick to the point, and never budge."
"Daddy, what do you do it for, —
  Some one told me you studied law."
"People in trouble I help to free,
  And for this they give me a Lawyer's
        fee."


THE LAWYER

THE CLERGYMAN

When Sunday comes I go to church,
And there in Daddy's pew I perch.
I love to hear the church-bells ring,
And feel the gladness that they bring.
I like to hear the organ play,
And what the Clergyman may say;
He is so wise and good and kind,
The long, long sermon I don't mind.

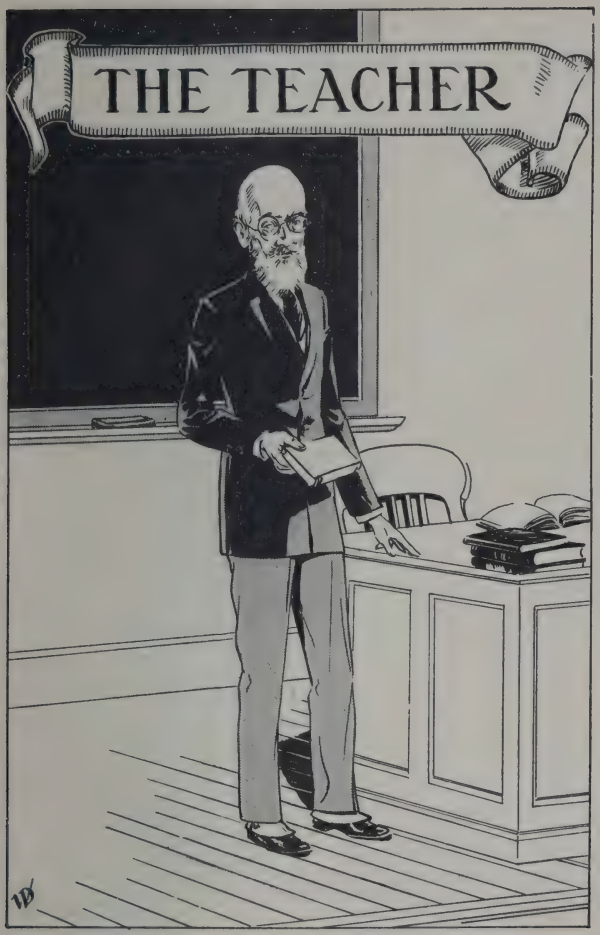
THE CLERGYMAN

THE TEACHER

I KNOW a very little;
My teacher knows much more;
I can read a bedtime story;
I know two and two make four.

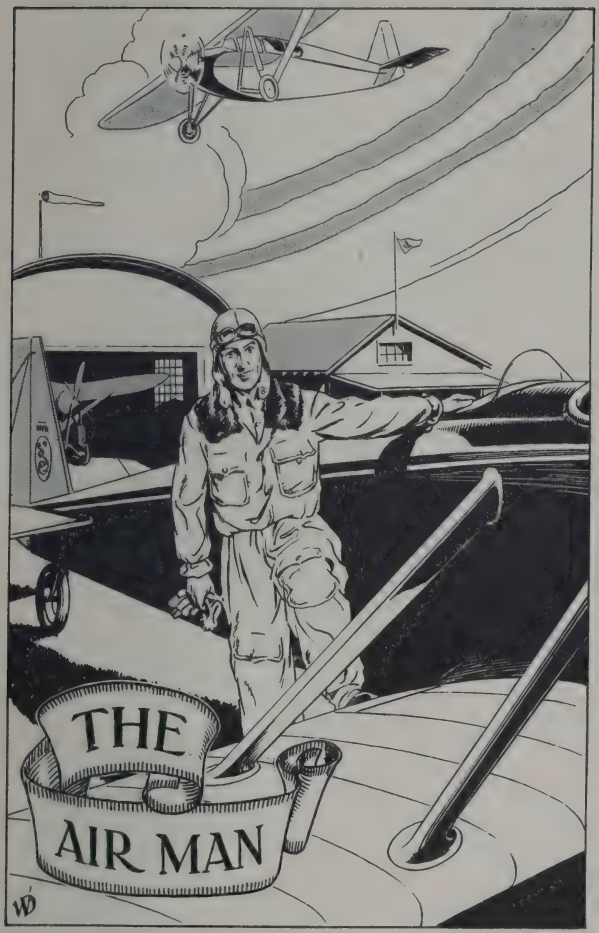
But when I am much older
And know all there is to know,
I shall be a great professor
With bald head and beard of snow.

Then, when I teach my pupils,
I shall always be most kind.
It's easier to teach and learn
When all are friends, I find.


THE TEACHER

THE AIR MAN

I WISH I were a little bird
Swooping in the sky,
Perching on a leafy branch,
Soaring oh so high!
It can be done now, so they say.
My father says men fly that way.
And I have seen with my own eyes
An aeroplane skim through the skies.
It has a motor and great wings,
A pilot's seat, and lever things.
It hops along the earth on wheels,
Then gathers headway, up it steals.
Up, up it climbs into the blue,
The end of which I wish I knew.
With compass, levers, and with chart
The Pilot drives. He must be smart.
He must be brave, and also calm,
For otherwise he'd come to harm.
A dangerous life to one and all;
A little slip, a mighty fall.
Some day a bird man
I shall be
And from on high
The world I'll see.

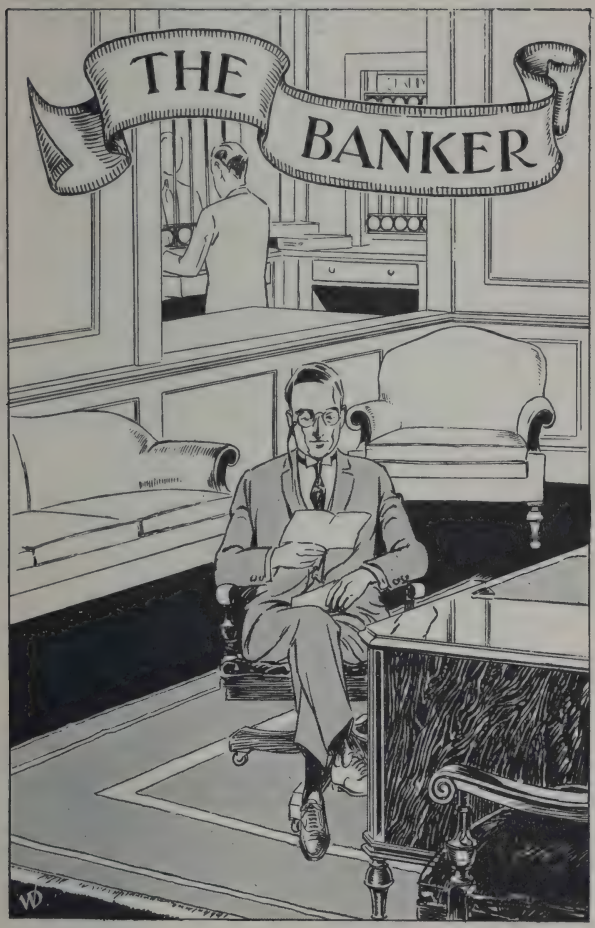

THE
AIR MAN
WD

THE BANKER

The banker sits in a marble hall
Taking in money from one and all,
Taking in pennies and quarters and bills,
Putting them carefully into the tills.

Father says saving of money pays,
Saving it up for rainy days.
When these days come — and they surely
will —
Back to the banker and his till.

He pays you your money and interest too,
And so is the banker a friend to you.


THE
BANKER
WD

THE CHORE-MAN

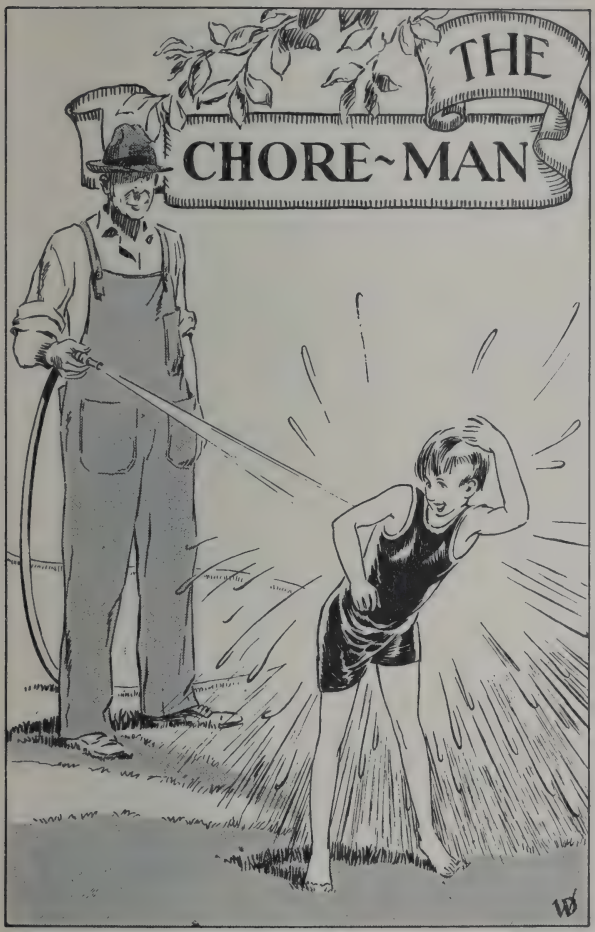
When I wake up too early,
Before the sun has come,
With darkness all about me,
So cold my toes are numb,

I often hear our chore-man,
Old Patrick, shovelling coal,
To make us warm at breakfast.
He's faithful, bless his soul.

And now and then in summer
In the garden we both weed
And dig the soil and make the rows
And plant each tiny seed.

When it's hot and dry and sunny,
He waters with the hose.
If I put on my bathing-suit,
He wets me, top to toes.

Old Pat can do 'most anything
Both in the house and out.
If they made him Mayor of our town,
He'd do it without doubt.


THE
CHORE~MAN

THE DRUGGIST

THERE'S a drug-store on our corner,
And I know the druggist well,
For he has the greatest number
Of nummy things to sell.

He has candy, gum, and soda,
Fountain-pens and bright red ink,
Christmas cards and silver ribbons,
Fancy soap all nice and pink,

Powder-puffs and great big sponges,
Ice-cream cones and ginger-ale,
Everything that one could wish for,
Yes, he has them without fail.

Very often I have wondered
Why he keeps the drugs at all,
For it's seldom, as I notice,
That for them he has a call.

I suppose this is the reason:
Candy makes the kiddies ill,
So the druggist sells us sweetmeats,
Then to Mother sells the pill.

THE DRUGGIST

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ALL ABOUT ME

Poems for a Child

By John Drinkwater

JOHN DRINKWATER in the intervals of his more serious work has found time for some very charming 'Poems for a Child,' which H. M. Brock has decorated and illustrated in his best fashion.

Every child will like Loofah, the Bull, who had four-and-six to spend all on his own, and spent it on a fishing-net. Then there is Potiphar James, who was good at games, but not very good at work; and the Smiths and Browns, who went to Bath for quite different reasons. There is the Wagon in the Barn, and the ride in Rotten Row, and the reasons why the various members of the Royal Family did not accept an invitation to tea. All in all, it is a very charming book.

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